

An Excellent BALLAD of
GEORGE BARNWELL

Who was undone by a Strumpet, that caused him to Rob his Master, and murder his Uncle.



ALL Youths of fair England,
that dwell both far and near,
Regard my story that I tell,
and to my song give ear.
A London lad I was,
a merchants' Prentice bound;
my name *George Barnwell* that did spend
my master many a pound.
Take heed of harlots then,
and their enticing trains;
For by that means I have been brought
to hang alive in Chains.
As I upon a certain Day,
was walking through the street,
About my master's business,
a Wanton did I meet.
A gallant dainty Dame,
and sumptuous in attire;
With smiling looks she greeted me,
and did my Name require.
Which when I had declar'd,
she gave me then a kiss,
And said if I would come to her,
I should have more than this.
I faith my boy said she,
such news I can thee tell,
As shall rejoice your very heart,
then come where I do dwell.
Fair Mistress then quoth I,
could I the place but know,
This Evening I will be with you,
for I abroad must go,
For to gather some money in,
that is my masters due,
And e'er that I do home return,
I'll come and visit you.
Good *Barnwell* then quoth she,
do thou to *Shoreditch* come,
And ask for *Millwoods* house,
next door unto the Gun.
And trust me on my truth,
if thou keep touch with me,
For my friend sake, and as my heart
thou shalt right welcome be.
Then parted we in Peace,
and home I passed right,
So went abroad and gathered in
by six o' Clock at Night,
An hundred Pounds and One,
with bag under my arm,
I went to Mrs. *Millwoods* house,
and thought on little harm.
And knocking at the door,
straitways herself came down,
Rustling in most brave attire,

her hood and filken gown.
Who, 'tho' her beauty bright
so gloriously did shine,
That she amaz'd my dazling sight,
she seemed so divine.
She took me by the hand,
and with a modest grace:
Welcome sweet *Barnwell* then said she
unto this homely Place.
Welcome ten thousand times,
more welcome than my brother;
And better welcome I protest,
than any One or other.
And seeing I have thee found,
as good as thy word to be,
A heavenly supper e'er we part,
thou shalt here take with me.
O pardon me quoth I,
sweet mistress I you pray,
For why out of my master's house,
so long I dare not stay.
Alas, good sir, said she,
are you so strictly tyed,
You may not with your dearest friend,
an hour or two abide.
Faith then the case is hard,
if this be so, quoth she,
I would I were a Prentice bound,
to live in a house with thee.
Therefore my sweetest *George*,
list well what I shall say,
And do not blame a Woman much,
her fancy to betray.
Let not affections fore'd,
be counted leud desire.
Nor think it not immodesty.
I should thy Love require.
With that she turn'd aside,
and with a blushing red,
A moanful motion she betrayed,
by hanging down her head.
A handkerchief she had,
all wrought with silk and Gold,
Now for to dry her trickling tears,
before her Eyes did hold.
This thing unto my sight,
was wondrous fine and strange,
And in my soul an inward thought,
it wrought a sudden change.
That I so wicked grew,
to take her by the hand,
Crying sweet mistress why dost thou
so dull and penive stand?
Call me no Mistress now,
but Sarah thy sweet Friend,
Thy Servant *Sarah*, honouring thee,
Untill my Life doth end.
If thou would'st here alleage,
in years thou art a Boy,
Thus was *Adonis*, yet was he
fair *Venus*'s only Joy.
Thus I who ne'er before,
of Women found such grace,

And seeing now to fair a Dame,
give me a kind Embrace.
I sup'd with her that Night,
with joys that did abound;
And for the same paid presently,
the sum of twice three pound.
An hundred Kisses then,
for my farewell she gave;
Saying, sweet *Barnwell* when shall I,
again thy company have.
O stay not too long my Love,
sweet *George* have me in mind:
Her Words bewitch'd my childishness,
she utter'd them so kind.
So that I made a Vow,
next Sunday without fail,
With my dear *Sarah* once again,
to tell some pleasant tale.
As she heard me say so,
the tears fell from her Eyes,
O *George*, quoth she, if thou dost fail,
thy *Sarah* surely dies.
Thou long, yet lo! at last,
the appointed Day was come.
That I must with my *Sarah* meet,
having a mighty sum
Of money in my hand.
Unto her house went I,
Whereas my Love upon her bed,
in saddest sort did lie.
What ails my hearts delight,
my *Sarah* dear, quoth I?
Let not my Love lament and grieve,
nor sighing pine and die:
But tell me dearest Friend,
what may thy woes amend,
And thou shalt lack no means of help,
tho' forty Pound I spend.
With that she turn'd her head,
and sickly thus did say,
O my sweet *George* my grief is great,
ten pounds I have to pay,
Unto a cruel Wretch,
and God he knows, quoth she,
I have it not: Pish, rise, quoth he,
and take it here of me.
Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,
shall make my Love decay,
Then from his bag into her lap,
ten pounds he cast straitway.
All blith and pleasant then
to banqueting they go;
She proffered him to lie with her,
and said it should be so.
And after that same time,
he gave her store of Coin;
Yea sometimes fifty pounds at once,
the which he did purloin.
And thus I did pass on,
untill my Master then,
Did call to have his Reckoning,
cast up among his Men.
The which when as I heard,
I knew not what to say;
For well I knew that I was out,
two hundred pound that day.
Then from my Master strait,
I ran in secret sort,
And unto *Sarah* *Millwood* then,
my state I did report.

But how she used this youth,
in this his extreme need,
The which did her necessity
so oft with money feed.
The second Part behold,
shall tell it forth at large,
And shall a Strumpets wiley ways,
with all her tricks discharge.

The Second P A R T.
HERE comes *Barnwell* unto thee,
sweet *Sarah* my delight,
I am undone unless thou stand
my faithful Friend this Night.
Our master to command Accounts,
has just occasion found;
And I am found behind hand,
above two hundred pound.
And knowing not at all,
what answer him to make,
And his displeasure to escape,
my way to thee I take.
Hoping in this extremity,
thou wilt my succour be,
That for a time I may remain,
in safety here with thee.
With that she knit her brow,
and looking all awry:
Quoth she what can I have to do,
with any Prentice Boy.
And seeing you have stolen and gave
your master's goods away;
The case is bad, and therefore here
thou shalt no longer stay.
Why Dear, thou knowest, he said,
that all which I did get,
I gave and did spend it all
upon thee every whit.
Thou knowest I love thee well,
thou couldst not ask the thing,
But that I did incontinent
the same unto you bring.
Quoth she thou art a paltry Jack,
to charge me in such sort,
Being a Woman of credit good,
and known of good report.
And therefore this I tell the flat,
be packing with good speed,
I do defy thee from my heart,
and scorn thy filthy deed.
Is this the love and friendship that
thou didst to me protest?
Is this the great Affection, which
you seemed to express?
Now lie on all deceitful shews,
the best is, I may speed
To get a Lodging any where,
for money in my need.
Therefore false Woman farewell,
whilst twenty pounds do last,
My Anchor in some other Haven,
I will with freedom cast.
When the perceived by his words,
that he had money store;
That she had gall'd him in such sort,
it griev'd her heart full sore.
Therefore to call him back again,
she did suppose it best:
Stay *George* said she thou art too quick
for man I did but jest.

Thinkest thou that for all my speech,
that I would let the go:
Faith no said she, my Love to thee,
I wish is more than so.
You would not deal with prentice boys
I heard you but just swear,
Therefore they will not trouble you.
My *George* hearken thine Ear.
You'll not go to Night said she,
let what chance will befall;
But man we'll have money for thee,
or else the Devil take all.
So I was with strong frauds byassed,
and snar'd with fancy still;
And had no power to go away
nor to withstand her will.
So Wine and Wine I called in,
and cheer upon good cheer,
And nothing in the World I thought
for *Sarah*'s love too dear.
Whilst I was in her company,
in Joy and merriment,
And all too little I did think,
that I upon her spent.
A fig for care and careful thoughts,
when all my Gold is gone,
In faith my Girl we shall have more,
who e'er I light upon.
My father's rich and then said I,
shall I want store of Gold;
For with a Father a son said he,
may verily make bold.
I have a sister richly wed,
I'll rob e'er I'll want.
Nay then, quoth *Sarah*, they may well
consider of your scant.
Nay likewise an Uncle I have,
at *Ludlow* he doth dwell,
He is a Grazier, who in Wealth
doth all the rest excel,
E'er I will live in lack quoth he,
and have no Coin for thee,
I'll rob his house and murder him,
why should you not quoth she.
Were I a man, e'er I would wait,
or live in poor Estate,
On Fathers, Friends, and all my Kin,
my Talents I would grate.
For without money *George* said she,
a Man is but a beast,
And bringing money thou shalt be
always my chiefest Guest.
For say you should pursued be,
With twenty hues and cries,
And with a Warrant searched for,
With *Argus*'s hundred Eyes.
Yet in my House you safe shall be,
such privy ways there be;
That if they sought an hundred Years;
they could not find out thee.
And so carousing in their Cups,
their Pleasure to content,
George *Barnwell* had in little time,
his money wholly spent.
And being gone, to *Ludlow* then
he did provide to go,
To rob his rich old Uncle,
his Minion would it so.
And once or twice he thought to take,
his Father by the Way.

But that he fear'd his master had
gave Orders for his stay.
Directly for his Uncle then
he rode with might and main;
And with welcome and good Cheer,
he did him entertain.
A fortnight space he stayed there,
untill it chanced so,
His Uncle with his Cattle did
unto a market go.
His Kinsman needs must ride with him,
and he saw right plain,
Great store of money he had took,
in coming home again.
Most suddenly within a Wood,
he struck his Uncle down,
And beat his Brains out of his head,
so sure he crack'd his Crown.
And eighty pounds in ready Cash,
out of his purse he took;
And coming up to *London* Town,
the Country quite forsook.
Unto *Sarah* *Millwood* he came,
shewing his store of Gold;
And how he had his Uncle slain,
unto her he plainly told.
Pish, its no matter *George*, said she,
so we the money have;
To have good Cheer in gallant sort,
and deck us fine and brave.
And thus they lived in filthy sort,
till all his store was gone,
And means to get them any more,
I wish poor *George* had none.
And therefore now in railing sort,
she thrust him out of door,
Which is the just reward they get
that spend upon a Whore.
O do me not this foul disgrace,
in this my need quoth he;
She call'd him Thief and Murderer,
with all dispiht might be.
And to the Constable she sent,
to have him apprehended;
And shew'd how far in each degree,
he had the Laws offended.
When *Barnwell* saw her drift,
to Sea he got straitway:
Here fear and dread of Conscience,
continually on him lay.
Unto the Mayor of *London* then,
he did a Letter write;
In which his own and *Sarah*'s faults,
he did at large recite.
By which she apprehended were,
and down to *Ludlow* sent,
and there she was condemn'd & hang'd
for murder incontinent.
And there this gallant Quean she dyed
this was her greatest gains:
For Murder in *Polonia*,
was *Barnwell* hang'd in Chains.
Lo! here's the end of Wilful Youth,
that after Harlots haunt,
Who in the spoil of other Men,
about the streets do haunt.

Bertolt a
Wigga Gariss
Lundm